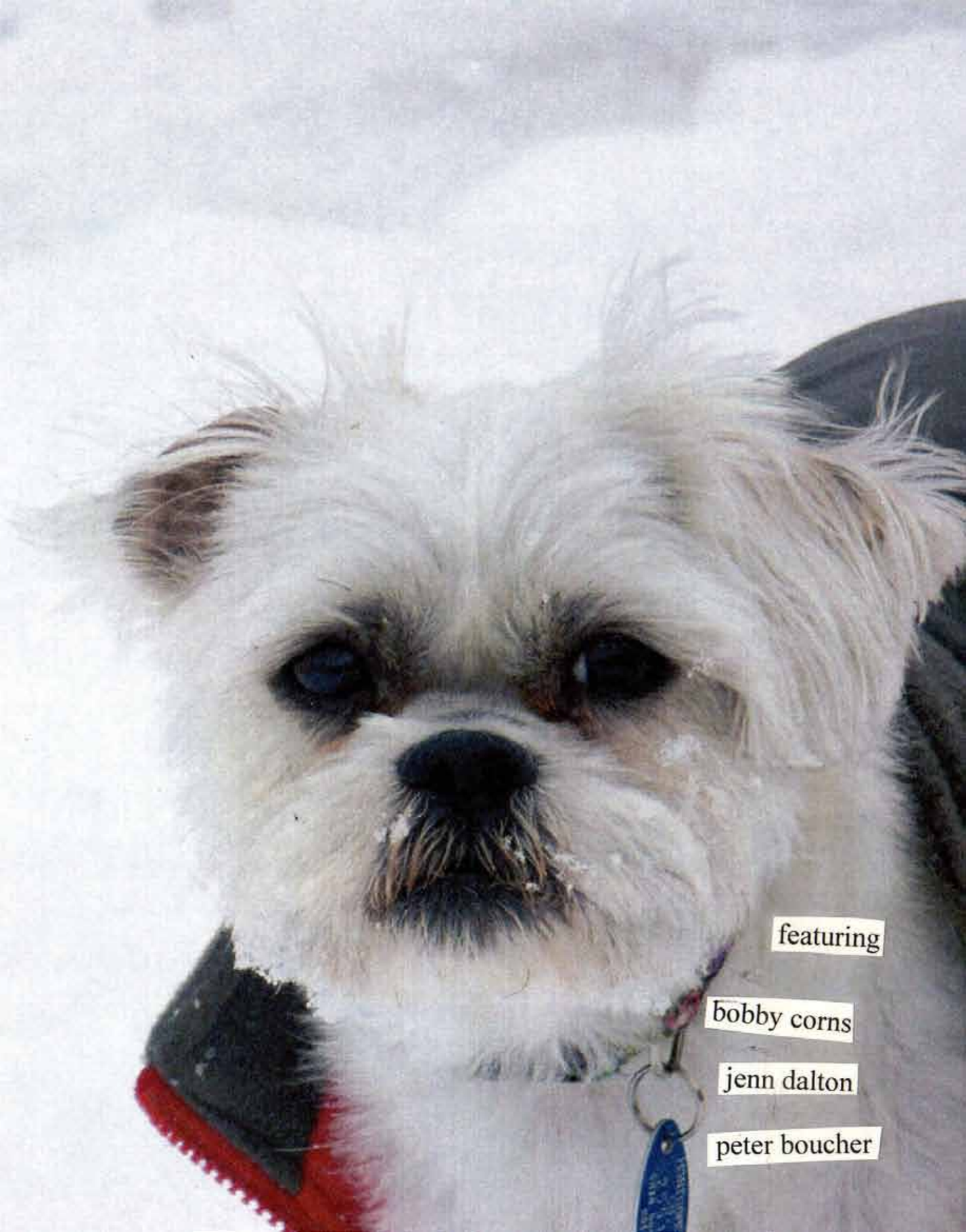
Way
tno

"my brand new life"

way out, issue three.

(lunar new year, 2012)



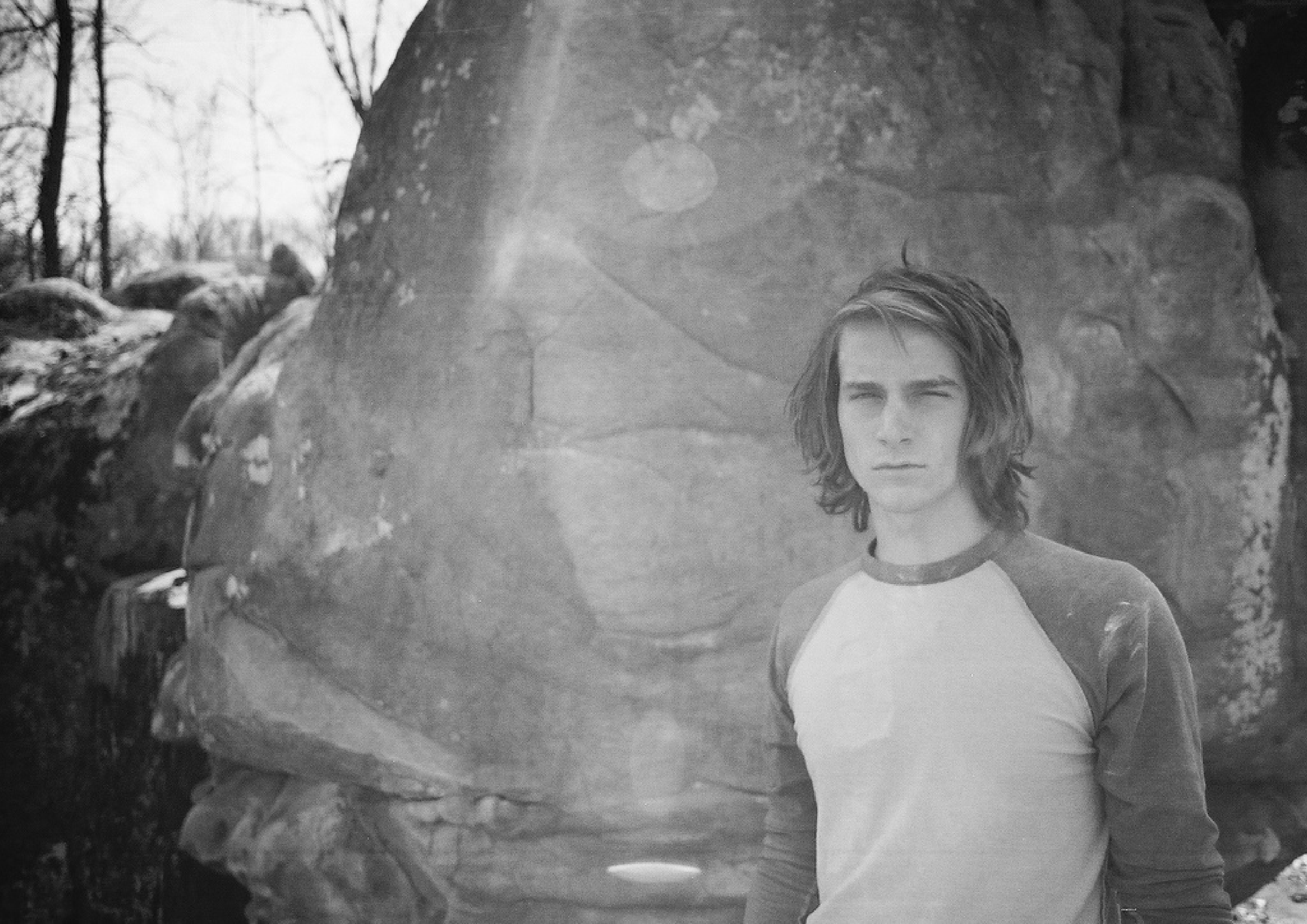
featuring

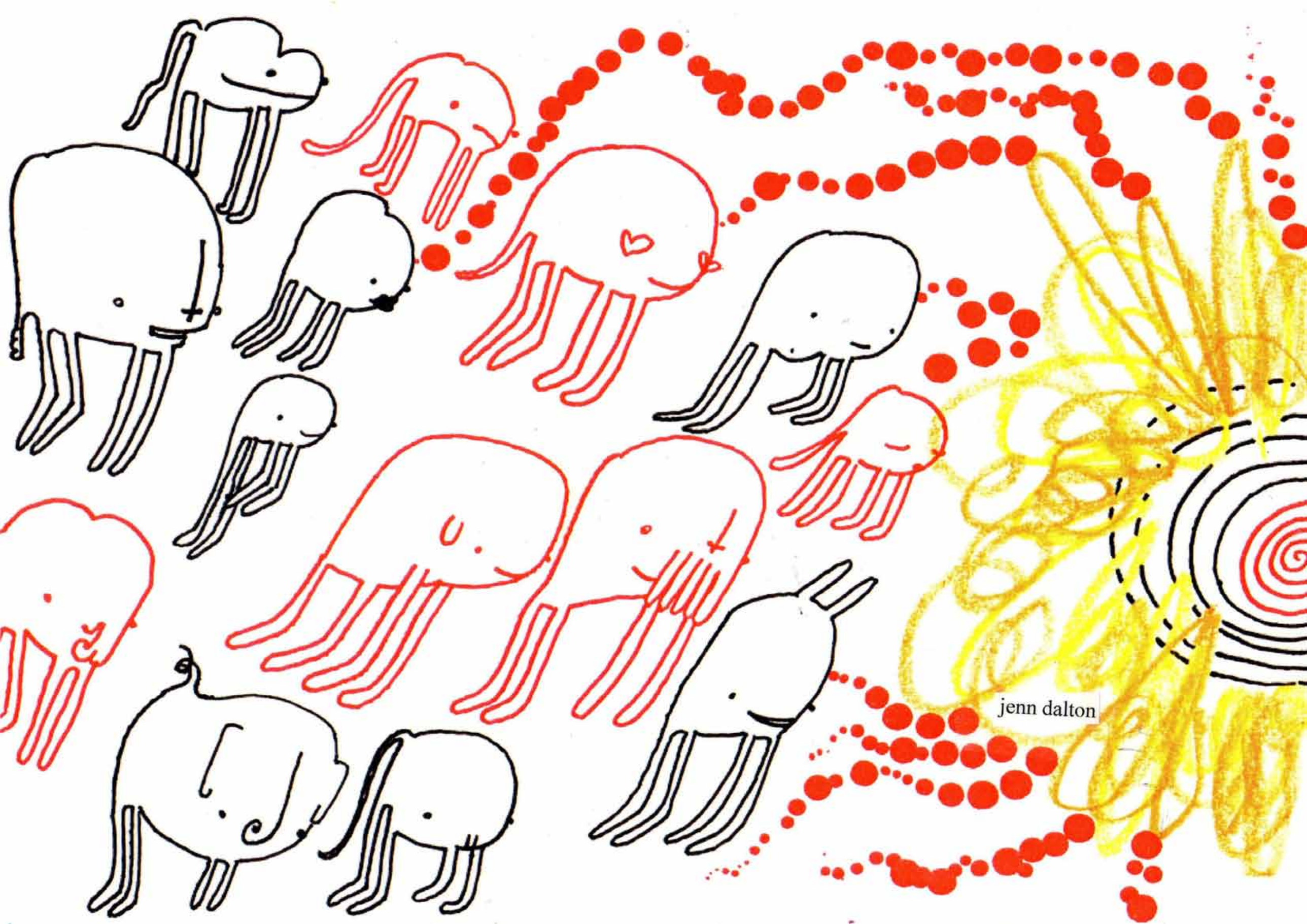
bobby corns

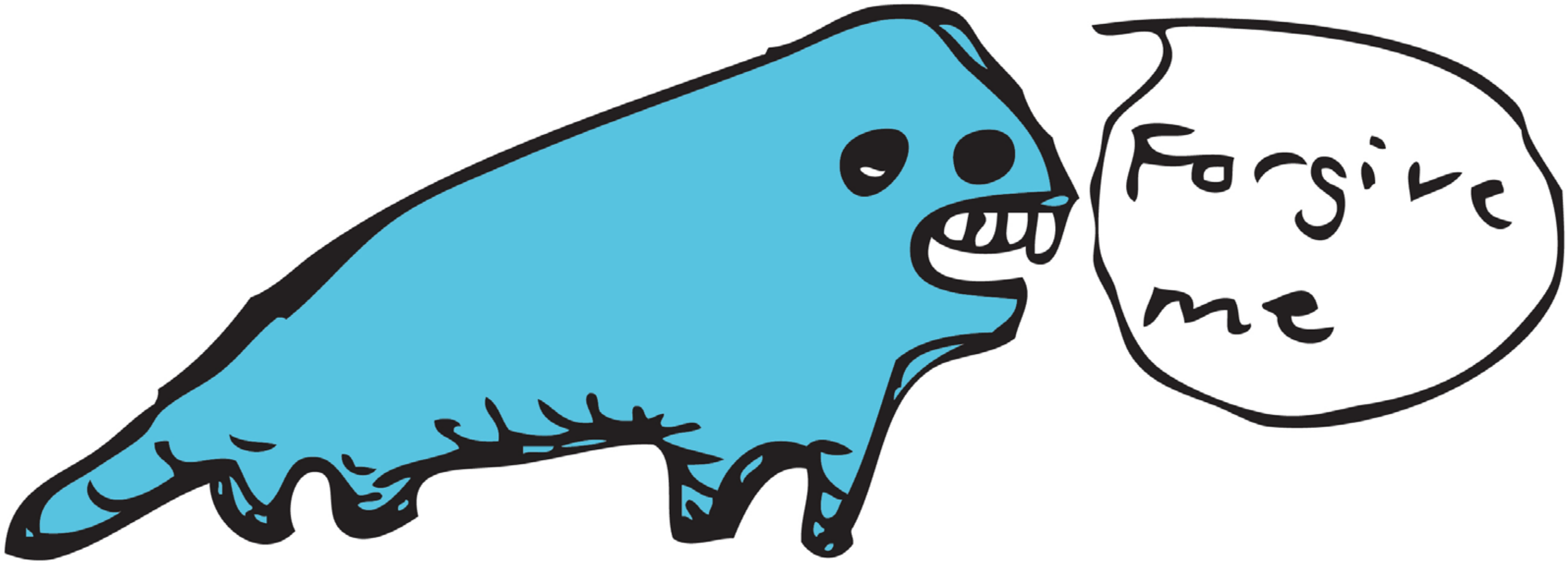
jenn dalton

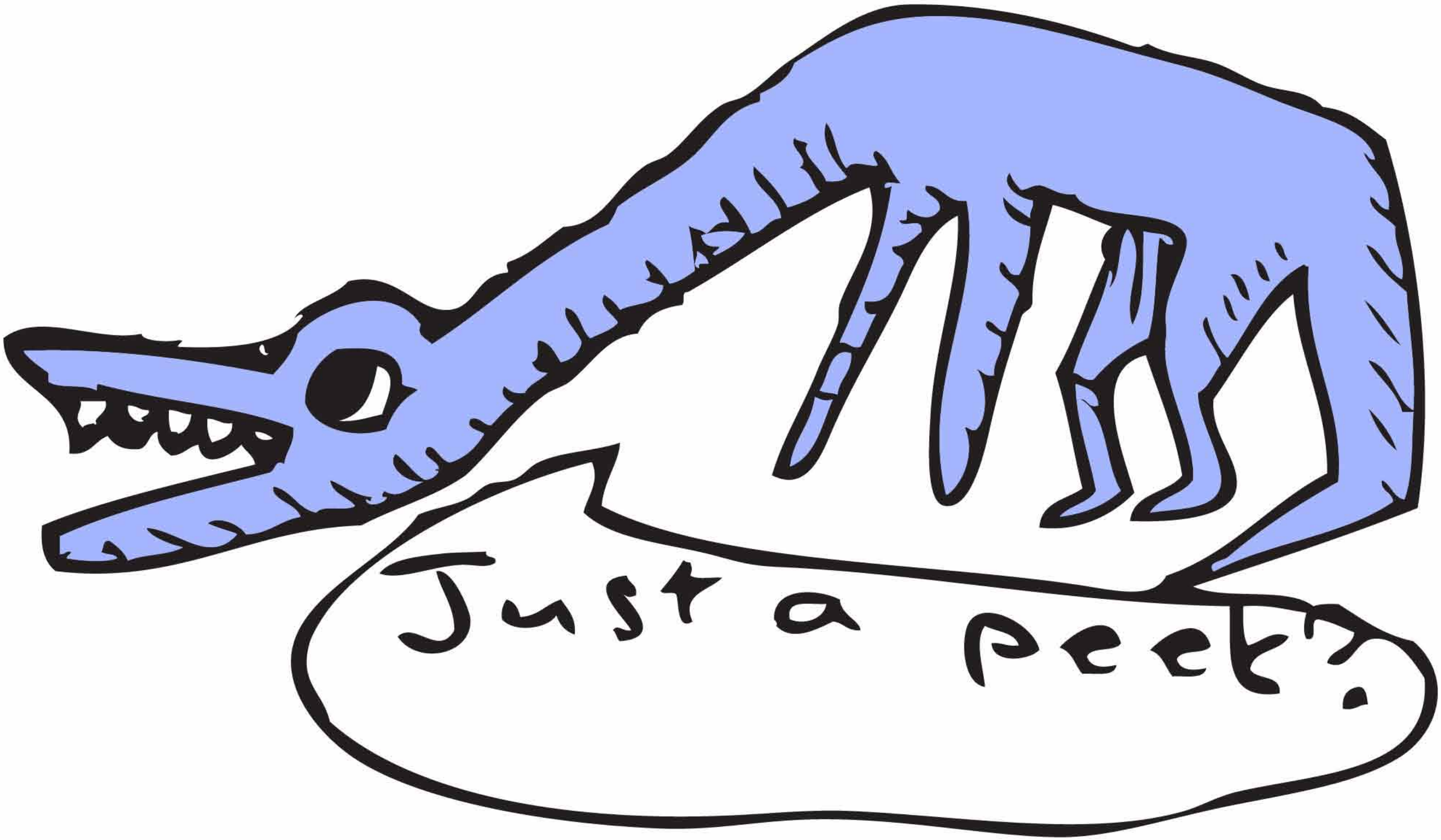
peter boucher

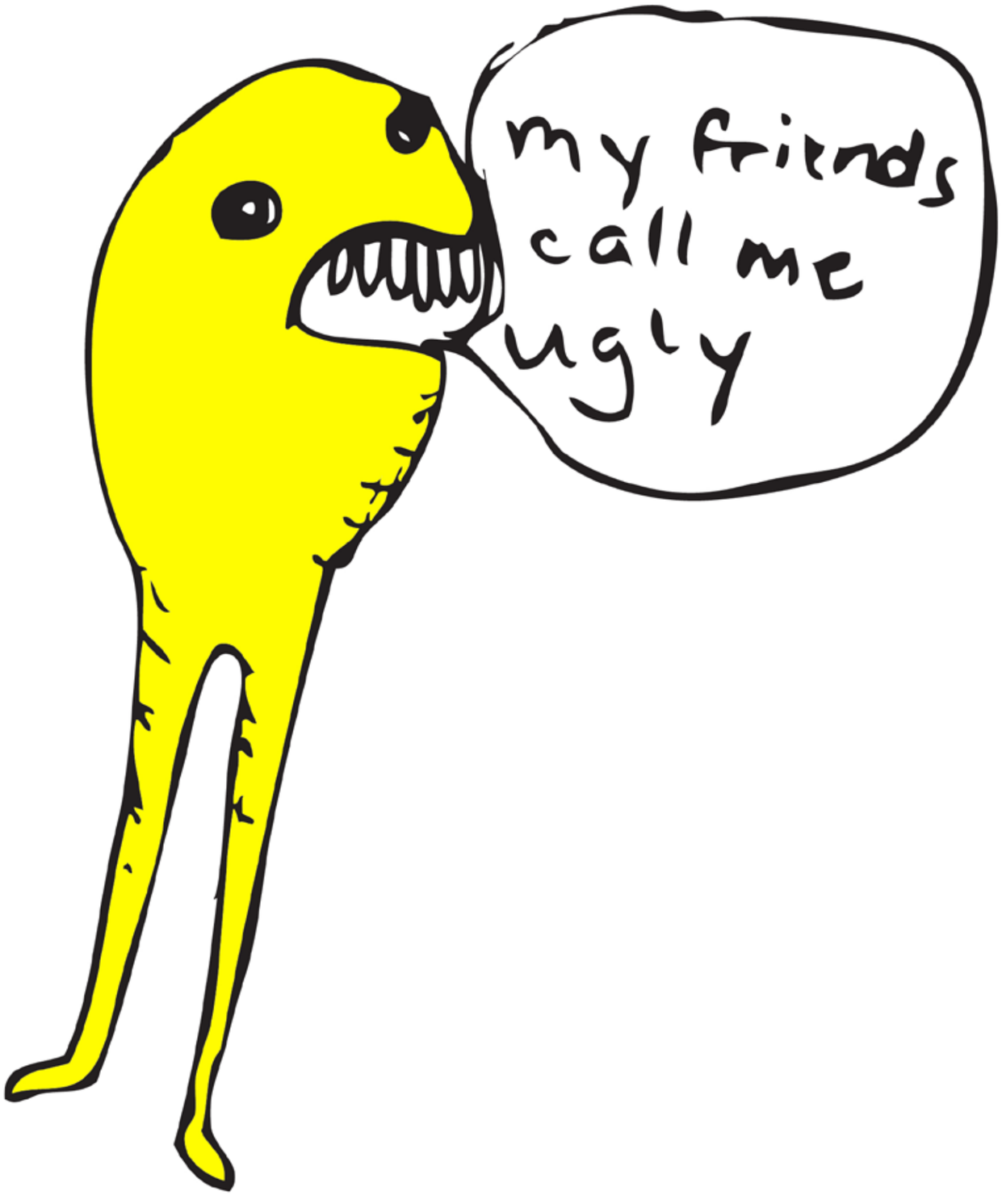
ELEVATION 12,006 FEET
2.3 MILES
ABOVE SEA LEVEL
bobby corns



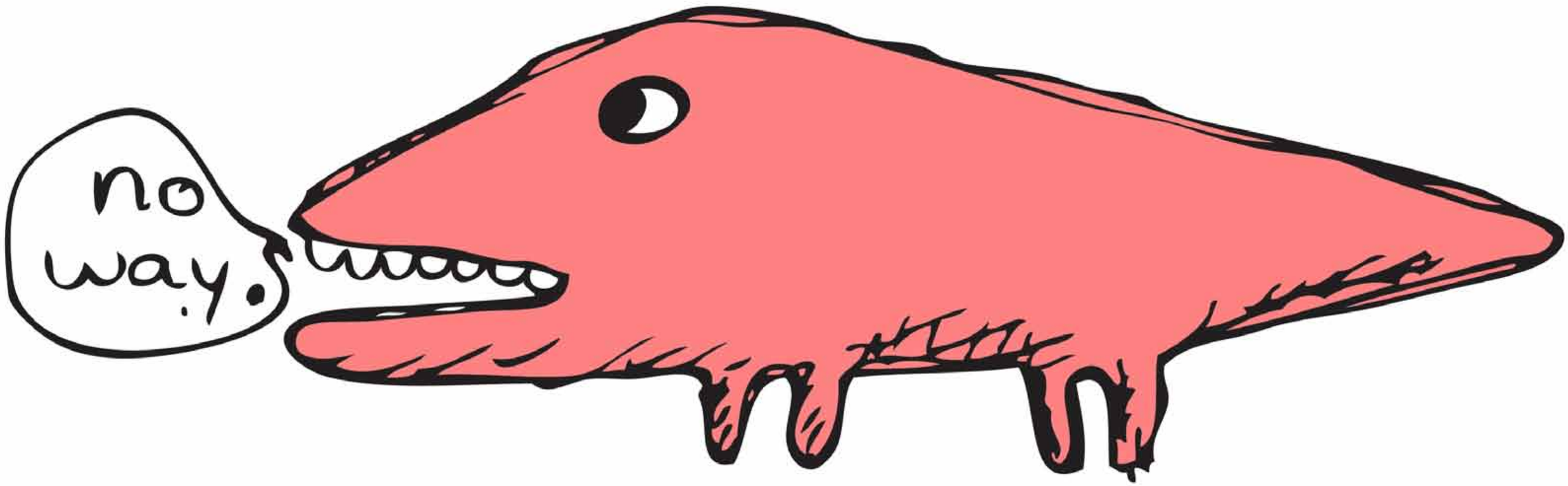

jenn dalton


Forgive
me

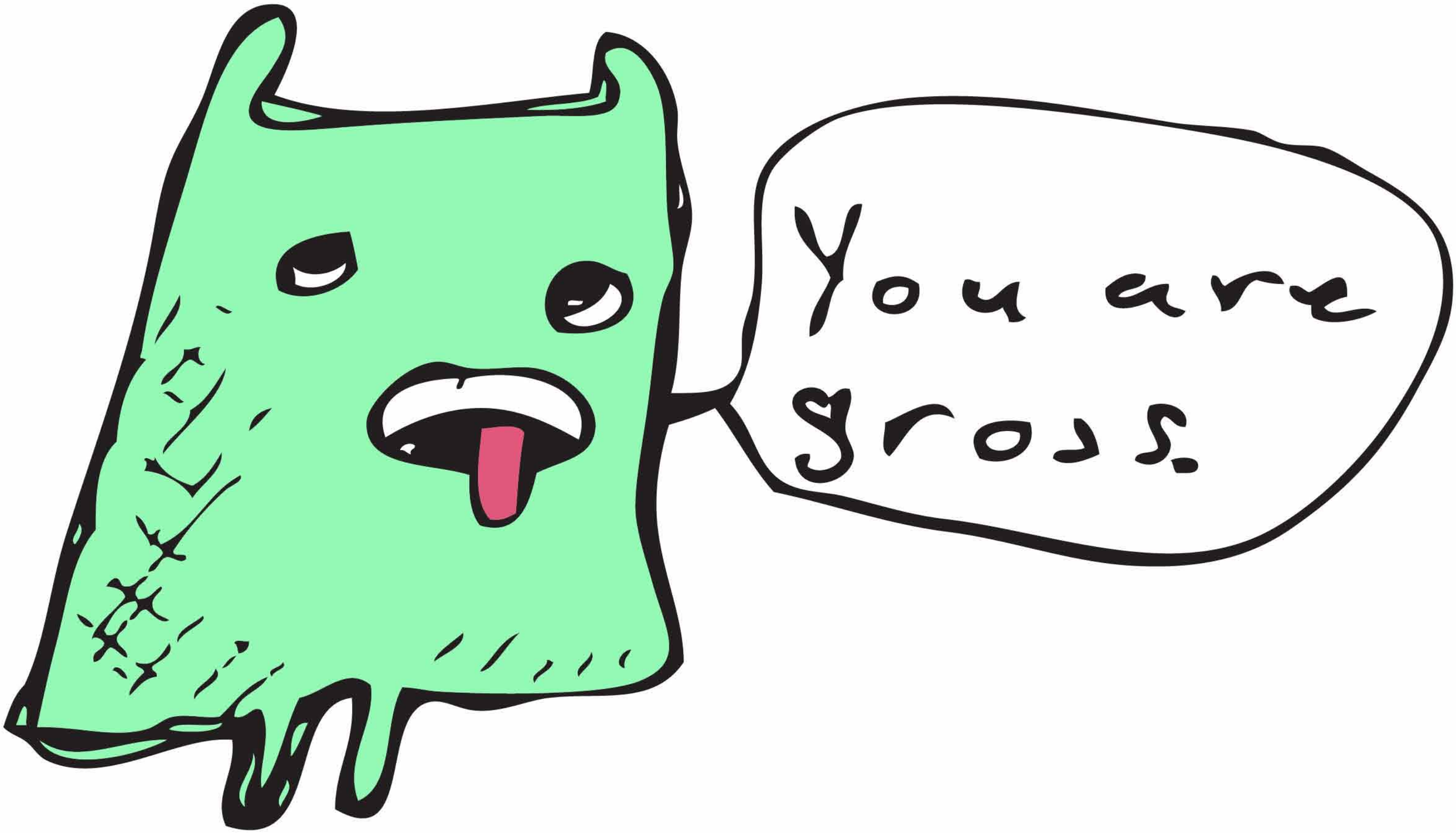

Just a peek?


my friends
call me
ugly

next time
we use
your place.

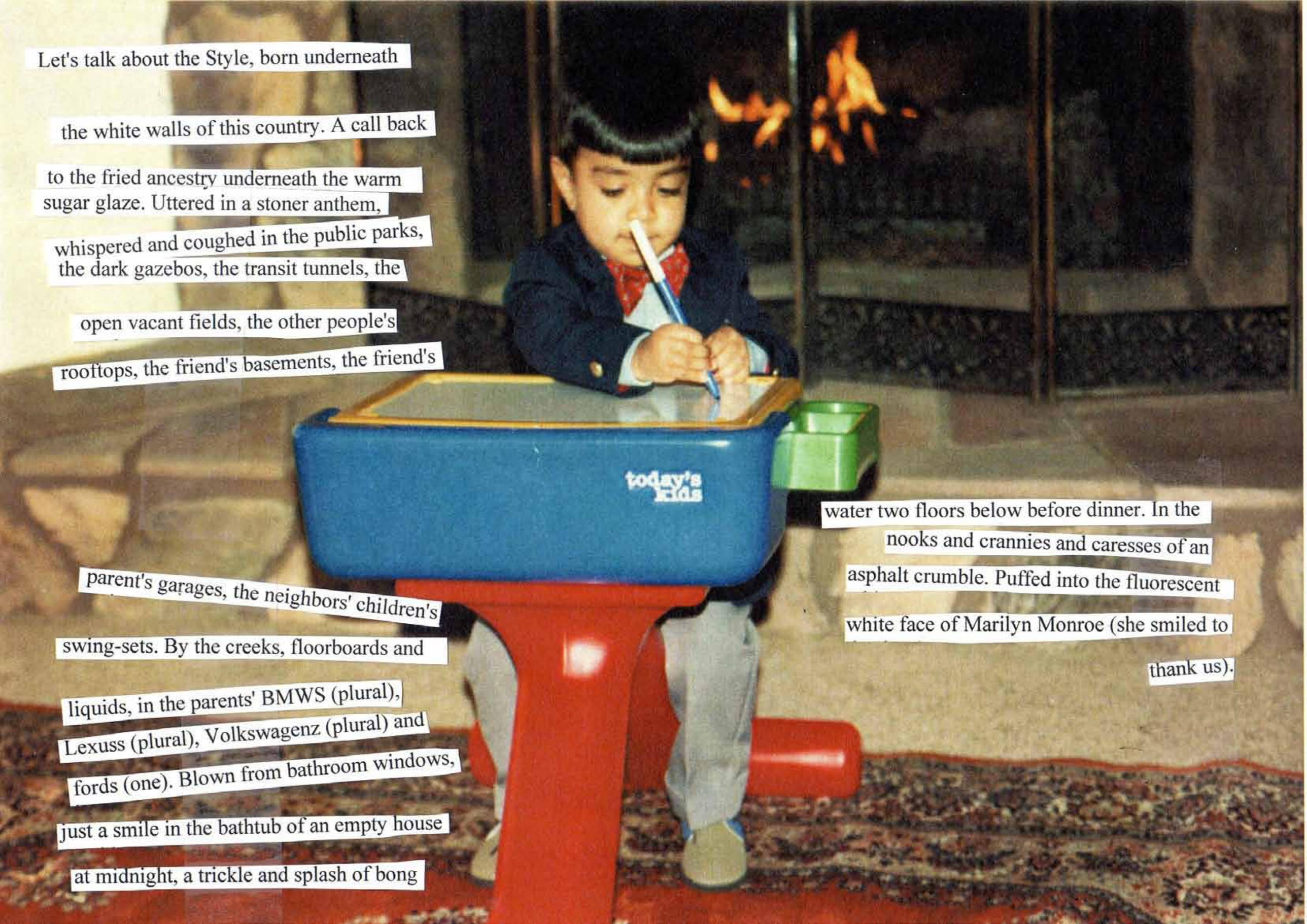

no
way.

Sorry
about
last
night.


You are
gross

peter boucher

dc style



Let's talk about the Style, born underneath

the white walls of this country. A call back

to the fried ancestry underneath the warm
sugar glaze. Uttered in a stoner anthem,

whispered and coughed in the public parks,
the dark gazebos, the transit tunnels, the

open vacant fields, the other people's

rooftops, the friend's basements, the friend's

parent's garages, the neighbors' children's

swing-sets. By the creeks, floorboards and

liquids, in the parents' BMWS (plural),
Lexuss (plural), Volkswagenz (plural) and
fords (one). Blown from bathroom windows,

just a smile in the bathtub of an empty house

at midnight, a trickle and splash of bong

water two floors below before dinner. In the

nooks and crannies and caresses of an

asphalt crumble. Puffed into the fluorescent

white face of Marilyn Monroe (she smiled to

thank us).

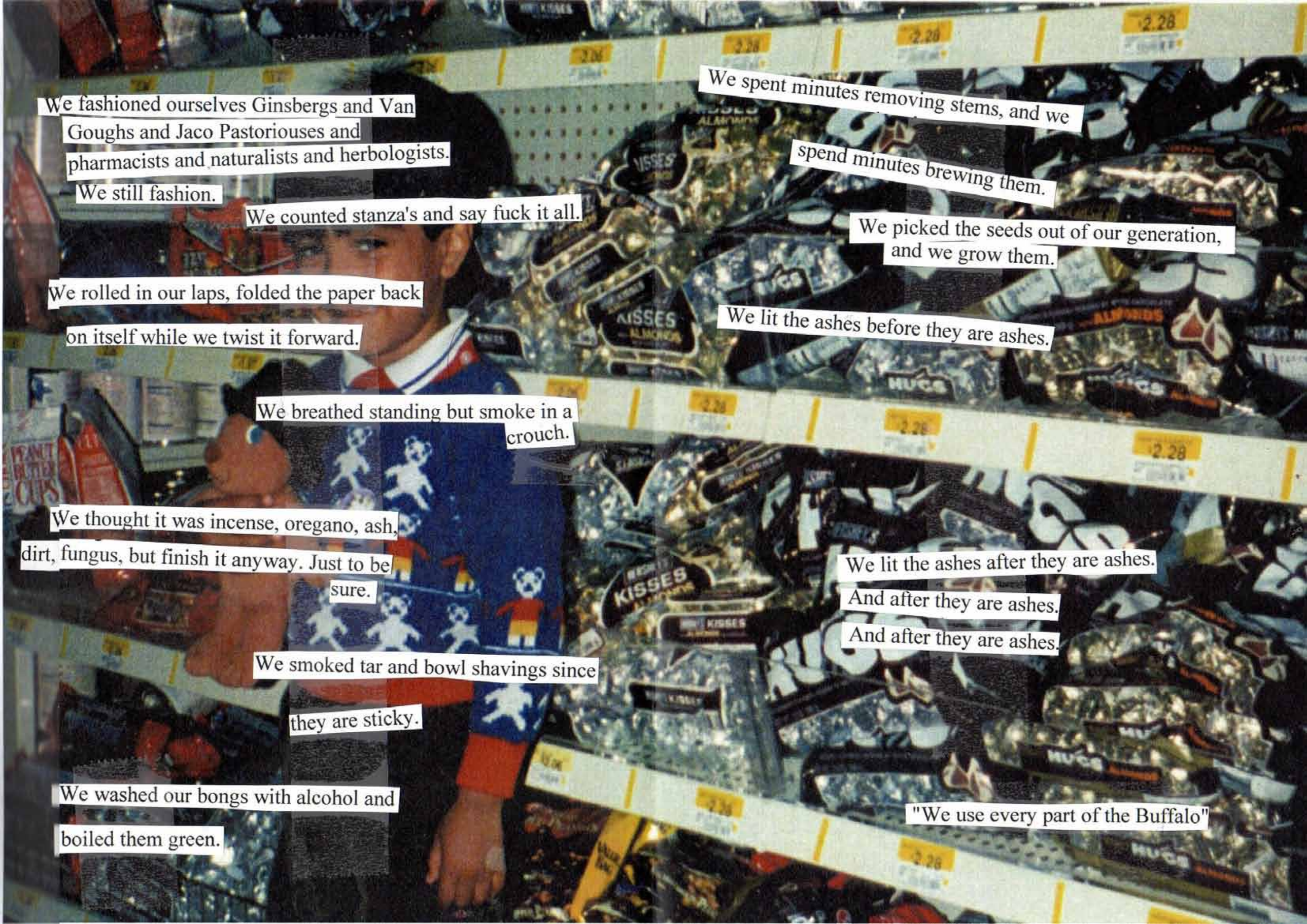
We all are in common. The socially anxious, the sexually frustrated, the statistically inclined, the static refined. The systematic thinker of planets, the settled lovers in and out of annoyance but not love, the startled animal who smells the smoke and escapes the sirens. The dreamer of something being good and of others being bad. Laughed up and out in the puff of smoke, the one when we are soo high now. The mind of the high, the stoned, the stupid, the creative, the paranoid, the chill, the dumb, the numb.

It's a Style. Not a dressing.

We smoked without temples, but chant all through the nighttime.

We made communities to lounge and to eat.

We praised each other and still do.


We fashioned ourselves Ginsbergs and Van Goughs and Jaco Pastoriouses and pharmacists and naturalists and herbologists.
We still fashion.
We counted stanza's and say fuck it all.
We rolled in our laps, folded the paper back on itself while we twist it forward.
We breathed standing but smoke in a crouch.
We thought it was incense, oregano, ash, dirt, fungus, but finish it anyway. Just to be sure.
We smoked tar and bowl shavings since they are sticky.
We washed our bongs with alcohol and boiled them green.
We spent minutes removing stems, and we spend minutes brewing them.
We picked the seeds out of our generation, and we grow them.
We lit the ashes before they are ashes.
We lit the ashes after they are ashes.
And after they are ashes.
And after they are ashes.
"We use every part of the Buffalo"

The tribe whispers, "There is always another hit."

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(it's in color.)